

OUR DUMB ANIMALS



A NATIONAL AND
INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE
"WE SPEAK FOR THOSE
THAT CANNOT SPEAK FOR
THEMSELVES"

U.S. TRADE MARK REGISTERED

THE MASSACHUSETTS
SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION
OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS
THE AMERICAN HUMANE
EDUCATION SOCIETY



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6

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Reports of National Be Kind to Animals Anniversary and Humane Sunday

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The Massachusetts Society
for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals
The American Humane Education Society
The American Band of Mercy

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.

—COWPER



Published monthly by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 46 Central Street, Norwood, Massachusetts

Entered as second-class matter, June 29, 1917, at the Post Office at Norwood, Mass., under the Act of March 3, 1879
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Boston Office, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass.

Vol. 63

June, 1930

No. 6

Be Kind to Animals Week is now being observed in many lands. In England it is Animals' Welfare Week; different countries have different names for it.

What was its origin? Some years ago a man living in South Carolina began writing us, urging that through *Our Dumb Animals* we start a movement to have such a week celebrated. We fell in with his suggestion, wrote about it, talked about it. Then the various societies of the United States at the annual meeting of the American Humane Association took it up. Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth!

Our heartfelt gratitude to Cheerio, who during Be Kind to Animals Anniversary nearly every morning of the Week made animals the subject of his delightful broadcasts. What a vast audience he must have reached!

Thanks to our Federal Migratory Bird Treaty Act a resident of Massachusetts was fined \$2,700 by Judge Peters, of Portland, Maine, for killing ninety eider ducks. The fine was paid.

The Prince of Wales has set a fine example to the world's big-game hunters by doing a large part of his hunting in Africa with a camera. We hope some day he'll do all of it that way.

The Jewish method of slaughter has been forbidden in Norway. This new law went into effect January 1 this year. Henceforth in Norway, as in Switzerland, all food animals must be humanely killed.

For the first time in political history a political party, the English Labor Party, declared that the protection of animals would be one of the objects for which it would strive. Yet in spite of this, and greatly to the regret of English humanitarians, the humane slaughter bill was allowed to meet defeat in the British Parliament.

To Every Reader

WILL you help us smash the steel trap in Massachusetts? This autumn Massachusetts will vote upon the question as to whether or not it will continue to allow within its borders that instrument of torture—the steel trap. This question will be, by virtue of the referendum, upon the ballot. No lover of animals, no one who thinks for a moment of the little fur folk, the victims of this cruel trap, it seems to us, can be true to his or her conscience and not only vote for this measure but devote all possible time to secure the votes of others.

Think of this really appalling anomaly in our Massachusetts laws: On one page we forbid under penalty of fine or imprisonment, or both, an act which causes unnecessary suffering to any animal. Then on the next page we write a law permitting the outrageously cruel steel trap by which we can catch any fur-bearing animal, or bird, or squirrel, or, for that matter, our neighbor's dog or cat, and let it suffer excruciating pain, provided we do not let this torture last over 24 hours. That is, we must visit our trap once in each four and twenty hours.

The fur industry of the United States views with deepest concern the campaign the Anti-Steel-Trap League and our Society and other lovers of animals are carrying on. This industry will do its level best to defeat us, and they have large financial resources upon which to draw. Then the Fish and Game Commission, we have reason to believe, is working against us on the theory that these fur-bearing animals are destroyers of the game so many hunters want to kill. During our twenty years of connection with humane work in this state we have almost invariably found the Fish and Game Commission against every piece of legislation we have sought that might in any way seem to interfere with the hunter's sport of killing. It's the thousands of hunters in this state that are killing off our game birds and other wild life and not the fur-bearing creatures they speak of as vermin.

The real struggle will come in the few weeks before the autumn election. Let us be getting ready for it by spreading the story at every opportunity.

Good News from Fez

ALL our readers who have so generously helped to lay the foundation of our notable work in Fez will read with interest the following letter from the new superintendent. In Fez he is known as Secretary General. He is Francis Fillieul, a young Englishman of fine education and excellent social standing, having studied some time in this country, deeply interested in animals, speaking French fluently and able to serve the Committee at the modest salary of \$100 a month. It is understood, we hope, that no officer of the Committee receives any compensation, several of them giving generously of both their time and money.

THE AMERICAN FONDOUK

IN
FEZ, MOROCCO

BRITISH POST OFFICE, BOX 9, FEZ, (MAROC)

April, 1930

To The Executive Committee:

On my return to Fez at the end of March, after an absence of ten months, to take up the duties of Secretary General of the American Fondouk, I could not help thinking how surprised I should have been had anyone told me a year ago that I would again be in Fez in less than a twelve-month, and that the new Fondouk would be actually built and a going concern.

To me, last year, an outside observer of the dilatory methods of the population, both native and colonial, it seemed as if the Fondouk workers were up against almost insurmountable difficulties.

Imagine my surprise on arriving here to find an impressive and businesslike humane work in complete running order, on a piece of land quite innocent of so much as a rabbit hutch when I left.

Again on all sides there are evidences that the work of the Fondouk has already borne much fruit.

It seemed to one last year that every other mule or donkey had some wretched sore on its back. This year, though bad cases are all too easy to find, they do not strike the superficial observer in the same way.

(Continued on page 96)

A Humane Renaissance

BULL-FIGHTING, cock-fighting and other "savage survivals" are losing their grip among those who have hitherto supported and fostered them. Information from reliable sources affirms that humane history is in the making as never before among the Spanish peoples; that there is an awakening to the fact that such spectacles as mentioned are detrimental morally, and conduce to impoverishment and criminality. Hence the steadily growing opposition to them.

From a recent communication we quote the following significant words from a Mexican resident, active in anti-bull-fight affairs:

"Every bull-fight costs the people of this city about 100,000 pesos a week, which generally is taken out of the country by Spanish bull-fighters. Our President does not sympathize with these performances. On several occasions he has been invited to them and has not appeared, although it was announced that he would. A promising movement against these savage performances is well under way and there are good grounds to believe that they will be considerably effaced by the end of the year. In facing the difficulty of suppressing them completely, we have asked the authorities to prohibit the admittance of children and that the tax be doubled."

The exemplary attitude of President Rubio in thus withholding his presence from bull-ring exhibitions is in marked contrast to that of other state and national leaders, and will be hailed with great satisfaction by humanitarians everywhere.

More remarkable in fact are the changes that have taken place in Spain during the last few years. Today it may be said that animal protection has become a matter which concerns the minds of her statesmen and citizenry to a degree which has aroused them to action. In a recent review of progress in organized humane work among many nations, a correspondent of the *Christian Science Monitor* reports from Madrid the present situation as follows: "Early in December, 1925, it would have been correct to say that Spain was one of the most backward countries, especially from the point of view of legislation, in its attitude toward animals. But on December 26, 1925, *Señor Don Joaquin Julia, secretary of the Spanish Society for Animal Protection, pleaded their cause with the late Dictator, Gen. Rivera, and one of the most comprehensive plans in existence for the protection of animals and encouragement of humane treatment was signed and put into operation."

"The government said definitely that scenes of cruelty were a disgrace to a civilized people, and they went as far as they dared when they refused to allow horses to enter the arena without adequate protection. It is estimated that since the new order 8,000 horses have been saved from the cruellest slaughter."

* Señor Julia has been a foreign corresponding representative of our American Humane Education Society for the past four years.

Be not deluded by advertisements which disguise cruelty under the headlines of AMUSEMENT, as, for example, trained animal performances! In the business code of the show manager there's no such word as CRUELTY.

The Maid in Church

(As seen by two friends)

MARGUERITE WARREN BURRILL

The Admirer

*She bends her knee in pious prayer,
Wrapt in a mantle of sweet calm,
(A Phidias would rave about
The silken texture of her arm)
For rich and poor alike, she prays.
She's not prone to exception;
(What Raphael could fix in paint
The joy of her perfection?)
(That fur she wears, I must confess,
Adds somewhat to her loveliness.)*

The Humanitarian

*Ah yes! her lips move fast in prayer,
Her piety is good to see,
(That hand-bag lying on her lap
Once grinned in crocodilian glee.)
In one so young it is not oft
We find such true devotion.
(The clasp upon that same hand-bag
Is turtle—I've a notion.)
What flaws could mar this nature fine?
Her goodness is quite plain.
(The beasts that yielded her that coat,
Died slowly, in great pain!)*

Denmark for Example

No European State of which we are aware has a more progressive, humane and economic system of laws for the protection of animals than Denmark. Hunting for mere pleasure or sport is so restricted and controlled that wild life abounds without danger of extinction at the hands of devil-may-care sportsmen. No person under eighteen years of age is permitted to carry a gun. The use of spring traps is prohibited, except by permit, and when this is given, traps must be visited three times each day. Penalties for the violation of the laws relating to animals are made sufficient to compel their observance, and such laws include animals in menageries, circuses, zoological gardens and all performing animals. The Danish protective code emphasizes not a few of the defects and anomalies in our own statutes applying to animals.

The American rodeo is as reprehensible as the bull-fight. To quote the words of a good authority: "Every spectator is the worse for being one, a little harder, a little more ruthless, a little more indifferent to the suffering of other creatures, a little more reconciled to injustice, to cruelty, to the pain and blood of helpless creatures."



TORTURE SLOW AND INTENSE

Why the Monkeys Danced

MOST circus goers have at one time or another witnessed an act known by one of such names as "The Dancing Monkeys," "The Holy Jumpers," "The Jumping Monkeys," etc. For those who have not seen the act, a few words of explanation will not be out of place.

A group of perhaps six monkeys, imprisoned in a cage, sit chattering to each other until finally the "Ballyhoo" man walks toward them.

"Right this way, ladies and gentlemen," he calls out. "See the Holy Jumpers." And as he approaches, the faces of the performers become fearful and worried.

With words of kindness, for the benefit of the audience, he coaxes them to jump or to dance, but unseen to the audience he reaches behind the cage, presses a concealed electric button, and the performance begins.

The unfortunate creatures grow wild and jump up and down with insane fury in order to keep their feet from remaining too long in contact with the charged bottom of their cage. The audience, ignorant of the true facts, is amused and wonders at the way kind words will induce the monkeys to perform.

Some years ago, before electricity was commonly used, the bottom of the monkey cage was heated by gasoline torches hidden and operated by a man beneath—heated so hot that the feet of the little prisoners were painfully burned, causing them to jump and dance.

SYLVAN J. MULDOON,
Darlington, Wis.

"Who's the Beast?"

HUGH KING HARRIS

THE caption is quoted from an editorial in the Grand Rapids (Mich.), *Press*, relative to the film production called "Jango," which was exploited in a local theater recently. Rather than an exhibition of animal life in the jungles "Jango" was a most brutal and deplorable exhibition of cruelty, wanton bloodshed and inhumanity. Perhaps some steps have been taken to prevent future exhibitions of this spectacle of barbarous slaughter. If not, such action should be taken; the film went to Chicago later.

One who has heard stories of cruelty by animal trainers and who has enjoyed training an intelligent dog, solely by means of kindly discipline, wonders why inhumanity is called for. In fact cruelty in this regard is totally unnecessary. The horrible film "Jango" does not, of course, treat of animal training, but of ruthless animal slaughter, where the camera is used to portray with ugly vividness, helpless animals being attacked and killed by wild dogs.

The writer, and all animal lovers, rejoice that one of the metropolitan papers has taken up this matter editorially. Every newspaper should condemn the production in no uncertain terms.

I own a terrier; there is a slight strain of beagle, but "Bo" is practically fox in size, temperament and looks. I started training "Bo" at a very early age, about one month, I think. I have never whipped him, never abused him, yet here is a list of his accomplishments and he performs amid a group of visitors with the same

(Continued on page 96)

Sixteenth Be Kind to Animals Anniversary

Proclaimed by Governors, Observed in Schools and Churches, Endorsed by Press Throughout the Country



A FEW OF THE PRIZE-WINNING POSTERS RECEIVED FROM PUPILS IN PUBLIC AND PAROCHIAL SCHOOLS OF THE STATE IN ANNUAL CONTEST OF MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A.

BE Kind to Animals Anniversary of 1930 came to Massachusetts, welcomed by a fitting Tercentenary proclamation by Governor Allen, and marked by a pleasing participation on the part of schools, churches and the press. The Massachusetts S. P. C. A., in response to its prize offer for animal posters made by children in the public and parochial schools above the third grade, received the largest number of posters in any similar campaign, no less than 5,480 coming from 414 schools in 143 cities and towns. More than a fortnight was required to examine them and to make the awards, resulting in 367 blue ribbon Angell medals given as first prizes, 695 red ribbon Angell medals given as second prizes, and 1,200 yearly subscriptions to *Our Dumb Animals* as honorable mentions. The best of the prize-winning posters were exhibited all of the Anniversary week and four days of the following week in the ample recreation room, ninth floor, Annex of Jordan Marsh Company, where they attracted much favorable comment. Also, through the courtesy of this store, there was a window display of several of the best posters and of samples of the medals. Later, exhibitions of the posters were made in the Public Library, Brockton, and in several other places where pupils had participated in the contest. Haverhill alone contributed 517 post-

Poster-Makers

ALFARETTA LANSING

*If I could make a poster,
As you children do,
That would tell a story
Straight and true,*

*I would never bother
With weak words and things;
I would take to crayons
And to wings.*

*For I have seen gay posters
That will do more good
For dumb friends than poems
Ever could.*

*If I could make a poster
That would please the eyes
I'd strive to picture kindness and (maybe)
Take a prize!*

ers from all grades, holding an exhibit before they were forwarded to Boston.

Addresses by S. P. C. A. Workers

Among the addresses delivered by representatives of the Mass. S. P. C. A. in connection with the Anniversary was a brief one by President Francis H. Rowley before

a very appreciative audience at the close of the morning service of the Community Church, Symphony Hall, Boston, and two with a showing of the film, "The Bell of Atri," by Secretary Guy Richardson at young people's gatherings in the Temple Israel Meeting House, Longwood Avenue, on Humane Sunday. Miss Ella A. Maryott gave an illustrated talk at the church school, Second Church, Audubon Road, Sunday, and similar addresses during the Anniversary at the following schools: Trade School for Girls, Boston; Washington Allston, Brighton; Maplewood, Malden; Paul Revere, Revere, and Wm. Barton Rogers, Hyde Park. She also spoke before mothers' meetings at the Jas. A. Garfield school, Brighton, and at Putnam Chapel, Roxbury. Mr. L. Raymond Talbot delivered his stereopticon address before the following High schools: Memorial High, Practical Arts and Boston Clerical, Roxbury; Dartmouth, Plainville, Southbridge, Chelmsford, Holden, Boston Girls' Latin, and Athol; also these Junior high schools: Roberts, Medford; Wm. Barton Rogers, Hyde Park, and Reading.

For use of teachers on Humane Day the Society distributed gratuitously 7,600 copies of "Humane Education," a 20-page pamphlet endorsed by the National Congress of Parents and Teachers, and 5,250 copies of "Black Beauty." Special exercises were

held on April 11 in Boston, because of vacation the week following, and on that date and on April 25 in many other schools throughout the state.

Theaters Help in Campaign

Several moving-picture houses displayed lantern slides calling attention to Be Kind to Animals Anniversary, and one theater in Boston, the Bowdoin Square, gave away copies of "Black Beauty" to all children attending during the week. Posters were displayed in many places, carrying a similar message.

Press Endorses Anniversary

Both in Boston and generally in Massachusetts the press co-operated with liberal news notices, editorial comment, and appropriate cartoons. *The Christian Science Monitor*, April 21, devoted a full page to "Encouraging Reports of Progress in Organized Humane Work from Many Nations," with a suitable cartoon. Be Kind to Animals Week was effectively illustrated by cartoon in the *Boston Post* of April 22, and on Humane Sunday the same paper published a strong editorial on "Be Kind to Animals." A cartoon, "No Limitation Here," in the *Boston Traveler* of April 24 attracted much attention. Brief editorial comment appeared in the *Enterprise*, *Brockton*; the *Courier-Citizen*, *Lowell*; the *Telegram-Sun*, *Lawrence*; the *Transcript*, *Holyoke*; and probably in other state papers. One of the striking posters in the school prize contest was reproduced in the *Boston Transcript*, April 24.

Brief Notes from Many States

In his Humane Sunday sermon at Nashua, N. H., Rev. R. M. Hays spoke of "Chinook," the famous Eskimo sled dog whose master, a New Hampshire man, mourned its loss inexpressibly. Humane sermons were preached in other churches, both Catholic and Protestant, in this city.

Governor Case of Rhode Island endorsed the Anniversary and especially the work of the R. I. Humane Education Society. Several radio talks on kindness to animals were given in Providence. The *Sunday Journal* of that city carried a long editorial, "This is Humane Sunday," and a previous issue of the same paper contained an appropriate cartoon.

The Press, Bristol, Conn., in an editorial entitled, "Being Considerate," approved the objects of the Week and quoted a poem from *Our Dumb Animals*.

New Shelter in Huntington, L. I.

A new Shelter for Animals, built largely through the efforts of the women of Huntington, L. I., was dedicated at Elwood on Humane Sunday. Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske was among the speakers. There will be a hospital and dispensary for animals in connection with the Shelter, operated by the Huntington Dog Club, Inc., of which Mrs. F. William Hunninghouse is president.

Governor Fisher of Pennsylvania issued a statement approving the motive of the Anniversary and advocating consideration for all of God's creatures. Through the courtesy of the Aero Club of Pittsburgh, 8,000 attractive colored folders, bearing messages from the Western Pa. Humane Society and the Animal Rescue League were dropped over that district. Prizes were designated on 130 of these flyers, and about 15 of them were returned.

The North Side Animal Shelter with the co-operation of the Chicago Humane Education Society celebrated the Week with a bazaar at 6,344 Broadway which was generously supported by the city's animal lovers. Heroic efforts are being made by the latter organization to abolish the present dog pound in Chicago and to establish a new and better one.

Through the work of the newly organized Church Humane Education League, of which Miss Virginia W. Sargent is president, the Anniversary did not pass unnoticed in the nation's Capital. The public library and its four branches displayed posters and animal books; copies of the "Humane Bulletin" were circulated among school supervisors and principals; 450 letters with a special worship program and humane leaflets enclosed were sent to church school superintendents and leaders of young people's societies; and Be Kind to Animals signs were placed on 150 street cars.

In Richmond, Va., Miss Blanche Finley, field worker of the American Humane Education Society, supplied special literature for schools for use on Humane Day, gave several appropriate talks in high schools, sent out press notices and secured one good cartoon, and arranged for the decoration of a window in a vacant store with posters, pictures and literature bearing the Be Kind to Animals message.

The Record, Columbia, S. C., stated that proclamations for Be Kind to Animals Week would be issued both by the Governor and the Mayor, and called attention to

the fact that for eleven years uninterruptedly Governors of South Carolina have issued such proclamations. This is a fine record for the state which was honored by having within its bounds the founder of this movement, the late Henry F. Lewith of Charleston.

General Celebration in Georgia

Governor Hardman of Georgia issued one of the best proclamations we have ever seen in all the sixteen years of the Be Kind to Animals celebrations. Nearly every newspaper in Georgia printed it. All but one of the twelve Congressional districts in the state had some kind of Be Kind to Animals program. Under the direction of Mrs. Katherine Weathersbee, field worker of the American Humane Education Society, a prize poster contest was open to schools of Atlanta and Fulton County, the posters being exhibited at the Art Museum. Several cash prizes were awarded. Daily radio talks were given over three different stations. Mrs. Weathersbee gave 28 school talks during the Week.

In Fort Worth, Texas, a special mass meeting was held at St. James Baptist church (Colored) under the direction of Rev. F. Rivers Barnwell, field worker of the American Humane Education Society, on Humane Sunday. Mr. Barnwell also broadcast, with appropriate musical program, over WBAP on two successive days. Among other features was the making of 71 bird-houses by boys and 114 humane posters by boys and girls.

Under the auspices of the California Anti-Vivisection Society an oak was dedicated in Exposition Park, Los Angeles, to animal war heroes on Thursday of Be Kind to Animals Week. Among those present were "Kentucky Boy," an airedale who saved his master's home from fire as described in *Our Dumb Animals* for December last, "Cotton," a Los Angeles fire horse, and "Rusty," a mule.

The foregoing is a very incomplete account of a few of the outstanding features of the celebration, made up from early reports received, but indicating something of the general nature of the Anniversary observance.

We Again Beg for Brevity

We do not wish to consider prose manuscripts longer than 800 words. We simply cannot use them, however good the text may be, because of the limitation of space.



SEVENTY-ONE BOYS IN COLORED SCHOOLS OF FORT WORTH, TEXAS, MADE BIRD-HOUSES IN A BE KIND TO ANIMALS WEEK CONTEST UNDER THE DIRECTION OF REV. F. RIVERS BARNWELL, FIELD WORKER OF THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY, BOSTON

Commonwealth of Massachusetts

By His Excellency
FRANK G. ALLEN
Governor

A Proclamation

To teach our children the "principles of humanity and universal benevolence" is required not only by conscience but also by the laws of our Commonwealth, and benevolence could scarcely be termed universal if it did not include kindness to dumb animals. We may well be proud of the fact that Massachusetts not only in legislation but also in custom and practice has been a pioneer in honoring the claims upon human beings for kindness, justice and mercy to every living creature.

It was nearly three hundred years ago, and therefore it is of special significance to us who are celebrating this year the Tercentenary of the founding of the Massachusetts Bay Colony, that the General Court adopted what was known as the Massachusetts Body of Liberties. This decree contained a provision which ordered "that no man shall exercise any Tyranny or Cruelty towards any Bruit Creatures which are usually kept for the use of Man." This was undoubtedly the first law for the protection of animals in this country and probably in the world.

To instill in our children the ideals of mercy, gentleness and justice, to inculcate in our youth a sacred regard for not only the rights but the comfort of every living creature, contributes greatly to the development of good citizenship. It is, therefore, a wise custom which has been adopted in this Commonwealth of setting aside each year a special time to give emphasis to the cause of humane education, and in accordance with this custom, I, Frank G. Allen, Governor of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, do proclaim the week of April 21 to 26, 1930, as

BE KIND TO ANIMALS ANNIVERSARY

and to appoint Sunday, April 27, as

HUMANE SUNDAY

Furthermore, I request that the people of this State give special attention in every possible way, through the press, in their religious services and especially in the schools, to the obligation and duty which we owe to our animal friends to protect them from hurt or harm.

GIVEN, at the Executive Chamber, in Boston, this seventeenth day of April, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and thirty and of the Independence of the United States of America the one hundred and fifty-fourth.

By His Excellency the Governor,

FRANK G. ALLEN

FREDERIC W. COOK

Secretary of the Commonwealth

GOD SAVE THE COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS

...

The Jack London Club was formed to eliminate cruelty from circus, stage, and film productions. Have you joined it?

"Major," Lost Dog of the Northwest

JESSIE GOULD OLDS



Major, and asked the humane officers to make one last attempt to catch him.

Careful plans were laid, after a study of the dog's habits, and finally the big dog was caught, securely this time. With a gentleman's gesture, he acknowledged defeat, and made no effort to attack his captors. Polite but aloof, he accepted the food and care given him at the kennels of the Society, but evinced no particular interest in the hundreds of citizens who came to visit him, offering good homes.

Then MacAulay arrived, and Major was loosed as the car came up the drive. With three frantic leaps he was in his accustomed seat beside the driver, big tail thumping a welcome, the lonesome gleam that had been mistaken for wolf blood, replaced in his eyes by adoration.

Major is back in Seattle at the MacAulay home. He seems to have suffered little from his experience, having kept in the best of condition during the long wait for his master.

The Wombat or Badger

PERCY B. PRIOR

THE wombat, called a badger in Tasmania, though he is not much like the English badger, except in his digging habits, lives largely on the roots and rushes and other things which he digs out. He mostly digs out his home, too, and as he is a stout, thick-set fellow, he needs a large burrow.

In shape the wombat is not unlike a pig, but he is covered with grayish hair, very thick and strong. His legs are short but sturdy, and furnished with very strong claws.

Wombats are amongst the most intelligent of the marsupials, and stand a better chance of surviving than most, since, apart from their intelligence, their flesh is little used for food and their skin is not very valuable.

It is true that in the early days of prospecting on the west coast of Tasmania the prospectors who went into the bush lived largely on "badgers," but that was because there was very little else to live on in that country.

Badgers sometimes choose curious places to live in. Thus at Cape Berner, on the east coast of Tasmania, they live down the cliffs. These cliffs are not quite perpendicular towards the top, though they are not very far off it. The badgers live in holes under the rocks and climb up over the top to feed.

Wombats are numerous in some of the rough country in Victoria, and the farmers complain that, while they do not do much harm in themselves, they dig under the wire-netting fences and so let the rabbits in—the rabbits being in such great numbers that when they once get inside the fenced-in enclosures, they soon eat all the grass and other green feed; not only that, but they burrow there, and soon begin to breed and increase their numbers, thereby becoming a pest to the farmers.

...

Remember The American Humane Education Society when making your will.

AFTER a period of three years, during which he made his own way in the heart of the downtown section of Portland, Oregon, "Major," a pedigreed German police dog termed variously the "gangster dog" and the "wolf of Wall street," has been reunited with his master, Gordon MacAulay of Seattle, Wash.

Major was lost from his owner's car three years ago as MacAulay drove through Portland. After several days' fruitless search, the master was forced to go on his way.

Left to his own resources, the big black dog found a hiding place in the basement of a store in the center of the city's financial district. He would sally forth at noon each day, trotting through the crowded streets in search of food and drink, making friends with no one, asking no favors.

Business men of the vicinity came to know the dog. Kind restaurant keepers would leave food for him, which he would accept, though he never begged. Never vicious, but resisting all advances of friendship, he slowly reverted to primitive means of livelihood, though the scene was the crowded canyon of downtown streets.

Some feared him, without cause, telling of the wolf-like gleam in his eyes. He was called the "gangster dog," "black wolf" and many other names. During a snow-storm, a kindly woman confectioner waited every day until Major started for his noonday trip, and then slipped across the street to leave him a pan of warm food.

Officers of the Oregon Humane Society grew interested, and tried repeatedly to capture Major. Many times they believed him cornered, but with a superior knowledge of the nooks and crannies in and under the office buildings, the dog always escaped. Several times they had a noose about his shoulders, but his strong teeth severed the bonds before he could be caught.

After three years, tales of the recluse police dog came to the ears of MacAulay in Seattle. He had an idea that the dog was

Our Dumb Animals

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 46 Central Street, Norwood, Massachusetts. Boston office: 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass., to which all communications should be addressed.

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President
GUY RICHARDSON, Editor
WILLIAM M. MORRILL, Assistant

JUNE, 1930

FOR TERMS, see back cover.

AGENTS to take orders for *Our Dumb Animals* are wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions are offered.

EDITORS of all periodicals who receive this publication this month are invited to reprint any of the articles with or without credit.

MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of about three hundred words, are solicited. We do not wish to consider prose manuscripts longer than 800 words, nor verse in excess of thirty-six lines. The shorter the better. All manuscripts should be typewritten and an addressed envelope with full return postage enclosed with each offering.

The London Conference

WE join with every good citizen in gratitude for what was accomplished at the London Conference. Far as the issue was from what we hoped, it has meant much for world peace. That the nations have at last been willing to talk together of the possibility of avoiding war is a great step forward. It is almost inconceivable that our Senate should refuse to ratify the agreements undertaken by the delegates. Should the Senate refuse we know how loudly it will be proclaimed that patriotism and not politics was their high inspiring ground for action. From all such patriots good Lord deliver us!

Dead for Five Hundred Years

A woman died some time ago in Cincinnati and left \$600,000 for the benefit of crippled children, but only the poor unfortunate children five hundred years from now will profit by her bequest. Her will provides that this money shall be invested and the interest compounded for five hundred years before any one shall share in its benefit. At the end of five hundred years, if the money has not been misappropriated or dissipated by those having charge of it, this foolish woman's name will not even be a memory. Moth and rust will have many a chance at these six hundred thousand dollars. Meanwhile, think of the thousands of crippled children who might have risen up to call her blessed!

Miss Annie M. Dore

Another of the world's most devoted and generous friends of animals has gone to her reward. For years this gracious woman wherever she went was an apostle of the gospel of kindness. Again and again smitten by the dread disease which finally won its victory, submitting repeatedly to serious operations and during the last few months of her life suffering almost unbearable pain, she never lost her brave, heroic courage, her faith in the Eternal Goodness or her determination to lift the burden from the unhappy animals her personal presence or her money could reach. At last release has come and we think of her as having "passed to where beyond these voices there is peace."

Remember the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in your will.

Bad Advertisement for the University of Kansas

THE Wild West Show given by the leading educational institution of Kansas on Good Friday has resulted in a kind of advertising that can only hurt the institution in the eyes of the greater part of educated and humane men and women. One can only wonder what the ideals of culture must be in a university that resorts to one of these exhibitions to raise money where cruelty to animals furnishes the amusement. It has been said with much truth that many people go to these shows thinking that they are going to see a reproduction of early American history. What they do see is pretty largely a reproduction of a Spanish bull-fight. Here's a description of what doubtless the president and officials of Kansas University witnessed.

"To make the horses and steers 'buck' a rope is tied in front of their hips which causes great pain with each leap. The animal 'bucks' to get free from the rope in this unnatural position, and while the animal writhes with pain, the onlookers applaud. In bull-dogging a steer, the fingers of the cowboy are placed into the tender nostrils of the steer, which causes such pain that of course the steer will submit to tying. The people magnify the strength of the cowboy, and overlook the pain inflicted on the steer."

Another strange thing about this rodeo performance is that a very courteous and sane letter written to the Ministers' Alliance of the city praying for some action of disapproval, written April 8, had received not even an acknowledgment by April 18. Our hope is that the agitation and notoriety occasioned by this action of the University of Kansas may result in a more general condemnation of these cruel exhibitions known as rodeos.

Wild Life in the Galapagos

From Mrs. Mary F. Lovell, the well-known humanitarian, and deeply interested in the World League of Universal Kindness, comes the following:

Shortly before the last annual meeting of the American Humane Association—held early in October, 1929, at St. Louis—I received from Pennsylvania's ex-Governor Gifford Pinchot and Mrs. Pinchot communications describing some of their experiences while visiting in their yacht the Galapagos Islands down in the South Seas. The feature which especially claimed my attention was the description of the wild life of these islands. In his letter Mr. Pinchot said:

"This is the most strange and unusual place I was ever in. One strikingly remarkable thing about it is that all the wild creatures regarded us as their friends and playmates, and came to us and hung around us with the greatest confidence and curiosity. Most of them had never seen men before, and so were entirely unafraid. The birds perched on our heads and our knees and ate out of our hands, and were so tame that I would hardly dare to tell the truth about them if I did not have photographs, as I have in plenty to prove it.

"'Wild as a hawk' had no meaning in the Galapagos, for a wild hawk came and perched on Mrs. Pinchot's head, and time and again I stroked sea-lions and albatrosses with my hand."

Gratitude of a Carabao

A True Story from the Philippines. Scene, Manila, Plaza Moraga, One of the Busiest Centers

OUR readers have heard through *Our Dumb Animals* many times of the excellent work being done in the Philippine Islands, especially by the S. P. C. A. at Cebu. We have co-operated with the Society in many ways both through gifts of literature and often financial assistance and have been in regular correspondence with its secretary, Mrs. Edmonds. The Band of Mercy connected with the organization at Cebu has had an extraordinary history of wide-spread influence.

The following story comes to us from Mrs. Edmonds, who vouches for its truthfulness:

Slowly there comes into the plaza a carabao, dragging a very heavy load of wood. According to the cruel custom of some ignorant drivers, the head of the carabao is roped up high. Great knots of ropes press on the nostrils, the big patient eyes are filled with suffering as he toils along. But in Plaza Moraga that morning there happened to be also Mr. J. Smith, one of the earnest workers of the Manila S. P. C. A. Mr. Smith sees and in a moment has signed to the drivers to stop. With his own kind hands he cuts the ropes and lowers the poor tortured head into its rightful position. Then finding an interpreter among the onlookers, Mr. Smith explained to the drivers the quite unnecessary cruelty of which they had been guilty, and gave them instructions for the future to which they promised to adhere.

Then, all being arranged, Mr. Smith stepped back on to the pavement and signed to the drivers to go on. But the carabao would not leave his benefactor thus! Deliberately swerving from his place in the road he made for the pavement where Mr. Smith was standing and advancing nearer and nearer affectionately licked that gentleman's waistcoat for several minutes. Then, gently desisting, he fell back into his place in the road and went on his way, having expressed his loving gratitude in no uncertain manner.

Destroying Our Water Fowl

There is now a bill before Congress which would, if it becomes law, save thousands of our sea-birds now being destroyed by the oil discharged into our harbors and coastal waters. The Massachusetts Audubon Bulletin says:

The tremendous loss of bird-life due to the discharge of oil from the Luckenbach wreck on Block Island still goes on. Through the courtesy of the Division of Fisheries and Game we have the report of the warden on Nantucket Island, which shows the island to be surrounded by dead sea-birds as a result of this destructive film of oil, literally thousands of them. Warden Arthur F. Hughes writes as follows:

"I am enclosing a map of Nantucket showing where I have found hundreds of coots, old-squaws and eider ducks killed by oil. It would be safe to say that thousands of birds have been killed there this year by oil."

Readers are reminded that the first great need of animals in hot weather is water, and that a supply should always be available.



Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1868

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, *President*

HON. A. E. PILLSBURY, *Counselor*

ALBERT A. POLLARD, *Treasurer*

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Rest Farm for Horses and Small Animal Shelter, Methuen

W. W. HASWELL, Superintendent

Women's Auxiliary of the Mass. S. P. C. A., 180

Longwood Avenue, Boston—Mrs. EDITH WASHBURN

LEVINSTEIN, Pres.; Mrs. WM. J. McDONALD, First Vice-

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Mrs. A. J. FURBUSH, Treas.; Miss HELEN W. POTTER,

Sec.; Mrs. A. P. FISHER, Chair, Work Committee; Mrs.

MARION NICHOLSON, Chair, Legislative Committee.

MONTHLY REPORT

Miles traveled by humane officers 13,198

Cases investigated 677

Animals examined 4,393

Number of prosecutions 17

Number of convictions 15

Horses taken from work 70

Horses humanely put to sleep 45

Small animals humanely put to sleep 1,331

Stock-yards and Abattoirs

Animals inspected 34,966

Cattle, swine and sheep humanely

put to sleep 44

Angell Memorial Animal Hospital

184 Longwood Avenue Telephone, Regent 6100

Veterinarians

H. F. DAILEY, V.M.D., *Chief*

R. H. SCHNEIDER, V.M.D., *Ass't Chief*

E. F. SCHROEDER, D.V.M.

W. M. EVANS, D.V.S.

G. B. SCHNELLE, V.M.D.

C. G. HALL, D.V.M.

HARRY L. ALLEN, *Superintendent*

Dispensary for Animals

Hours from 2 to 4, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday. Saturday, from 11 to 1.

HOSPITAL REPORT FOR APRIL

Hospital		Dispensary	
Cases entered	581	Cases	1,744
Dogs	446	Dogs	1,405
Cats	122	Cats	307
Horses	6	Birds	24
Birds	2	Goats	5
Goats	2	Horses	2
Sheep	2	Rabbit	1
Rabbit	1		
Operations	547		
Hospital cases since opening Mar.			
1, 1915		87,605	
Dispensary Cases		175,702	
Total		263,307	

MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A. IN THE COURTS

Convictions in April

For inflicting unnecessary cruelty upon a cow, two defendants were convicted and fined \$25 each.

Permitting a galled horse to be used, owner was fined \$10.

Cruelly driving a horse when unfit for labor, fine \$50; defendant committed until fine paid.

Failing to provide properly for two dogs, \$25 fine.

Inflicting unnecessary cruelty upon sixteen lambs, \$25 fine.

Docking dog's tail, fine \$25.

Selling at private sale a horse unfit for labor by reason of lameness, fine \$35.

Inflicting unnecessary torture to horse by negligent exposure, two defendants were given three months in House of Correction, sentence suspended for six months.

Non-sheltering hogs, case filed on payment of \$10 costs.

Working horse with sore shoulder, defendant guilty, case filed.

Selling a horse that was unfit for labor on account of lameness, plea of *nolo*, fine \$25.

Causing unnecessary suffering to horse, case filed upon humane killing of horse.

Failing to provide proper care and medical attention for horse, guilty, case filed.

An old, feeble horse, unfit for labor had dropped in the gutter, his owner, a bootlegger, had been arrested and taken to jail; owner was prosecuted for cruelty, fined \$25 and given three months to pay; he defaulted and was arrested on a *capias* and paid his fine.

Is the Collar Too Tight?

Frequently cases are brought to our attention of dogs, also of cats, that wear collars where the growth of the animal has made the collar altogether too small for comfort. It is a good idea from time to time to run the finger under the collar and so to guard against this trouble. A recent instance of a choking collar leads us to write these words.

Gala Day of Women's Auxiliary

ONE of the most pleasing social gatherings yet held by the Women's Auxiliary of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. was the Hospitality Day at the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, from 1 to 5 P.M., Wednesday, May 7, when many took the opportunity to visit the various departments of the institution.

The corridors and offices of the second floor of the main building were given over to the officers and members of the Auxiliary and their guests. The chief feature was bridge which was in charge of Mrs. Arthur W. Hurlburt, Somerville, assisted by Mrs. William L. Edwards, Boston.

An excellent musical program, from 3 to 5, with songs by Mrs. May Herrick Nichols, Providence, R. I., and selections by Mrs. Katherine Perkins Beal, harpist, Taunton, and Miss Elsie Biron, violinist, Amesbury, was enthusiastically received.

Afternoon tea and punch were served to all under the direction of Miss Helen W. Potter, Brookline, chairman, assisted by Mrs. M. F. Herbert, Providence; Mrs. Agnes P. Fisher, Miss Alice Rowley and Miss Annie K. Graham, Brookline; Mrs. Marion Nicholson, Mrs. Sarah E. Baker and Miss Ethelyn Lord, Boston; Mrs. Esmond Rowley, Newton; Mrs. Guy Richardson, Jamaica Plain; Mrs. Howard F. Woodward, Norton; Mrs. F. A. Morrill, Gloucester; Mrs. William J. Underwood, Belmont; Mrs. Ralph H. Baldwin, Framingham; and Mrs. Fred B. Kimball, Allston.

Understanding Farm Animals

One reason why some people make a failure of farming is because they do not enter into the undertaking with the proper understanding of the animals and the fowls on the farm, says the *Indicator*, Pueblo, Colo.

To assume the attitude that dumb creatures are simply dumb creatures without sagacity, nor feeling, nor capacity for appreciation of their usefulness and their understanding is to invite failure in the beginning of the undertaking.

Rest assured that all animals on the farm understand us much better than we understand them.

Dr. Freeman Allen

Again the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. is called upon to mourn the loss of one of its valued directors, Dr. Freeman Allen, who died in Boston, May 3, after an illness of two months. Dr. Allen was a native of Stockbridge, Mass., and a grandson of Harriet Beecher Stowe. He was a graduate both of Harvard College and Harvard Medical School and had been a practicing physician in Boston since 1889. For many years he was a lecturer on anesthetics at Harvard, having been one of the leading specialists on this subject in the country. He was chief of the department of anesthesia at the Massachusetts General Hospital. Dr. Allen was especially fond of mountain climbing, being a member of several clubs here and abroad. He was an expert horseback rider and often exhibited mounts in horse shows. His "Talk of the Town" won many blue ribbons at Chestnut Hill, Mass., and elsewhere. To his wife, Ethel Gibson Allen, and his son, Henry Freeman Allen, a student at St. Mark's school, the Society extends its sincerest sympathy.

More friends are needed to endow stalls and new kennels in the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital. Payment of thirty-five dollars for a kennel or seventy-five dollars for a stall will insure a plate marked with the name of the donor. Terms of permanent endowment of free stalls and kennels will be given upon application.



Founded by Geo. T. Angell.

Incorporated, 1889

For rates of membership in both of our Societies see back cover. Checks should be made payable to the Treasurer.

Officers of the American Humane Education Society
180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass.

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President

ALBERT A. POLLARD, Treasurer

GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary

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JOHN R. MACOMBER, President of Harris, Forbes and Company

CHARLES G. BANCROFT, Vice-President of the United Shoe Machinery Corporation

PHILIP STOCKTON, President of the First National Bank of Boston

Humane Press Bureau

Mrs. May L. Hall, Secretary

Foreign Corresponding Representatives

George B. Duff	Australia
Nicasio Zulaica C.	Chile
Mrs. Jeannette Ryder	Cuba
Anthony Schmidt	Czecho-Slovakia
Luis Pareja Cornejo	Ecuador
Leonard T. Hawksley	Italy
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Mrs. Marie C. E. Houghton	Madeira
Dr. A. T. Ishkanian	Mexico
Luther Parker	Philippine Islands
Joaquin Julid	Spain
Rida Himadi	Lebanon and Syria
Mrs. Alice W. Manning	Turkey

Field Workers of the Society

Mrs. Alice L. Park, Palo Alto, California
Mrs. Rachel C. Hogue, San Diego, California
Mrs. Jennie R. Nichols, Tacoma, Washington
James D. Burton, Harriman, Tennessee
Mrs. Katherine Weathersbee, Atlanta, Georgia
Rev. F. Rivers Barnwell, Fort Worth, Texas
Miss Blanche Finley, Richmond, Virginia
Rev. John W. Lemon, Ark. Virginia
Miss Lucia F. Gilbert, Boston, Massachusetts

Field Representative

Wm. F. H. Wentzel, M.S., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Prize Contests Awards

Announcement of the winners, both in the contest for the best poems and in that for the best cartoons illustrating kindness to animals, will be made in the next number of *Our Dumb Animals*. Several excellent cartoons have been received from widely separated parts of the country. At this writing more than 500 manuscripts have been received in competition for the two prizes for verse.

The Sacredness of Life

In her autobiography, "Life's Ebb and Flow," Frances, Countess of Warwick, writes:

"If we have learned anything from those years of carnage in the War, it is that life is sacred—a wonderful divine spark that no thinking being can ever lightly quench for the pleasure of so-called sport. I am not alone in this feeling. Men friends—themselves crack shots—have told me that although they formerly enjoyed the shooting season, they no longer find pleasure in killing birds or ground game, from a new feeling of reluctance to take life of any kind."

A Great Open Door**Our Wonderful Opportunity**

ONE of the widest fields of service ever opened to our American Humane Education Society came to us through the instrumentality of one of our field workers, Mrs. Jennie R. Nichols, of Tacoma, Washington. Through Mrs. Nichols we have become during the past few years affiliated with the nation-wide organization of the Parent-Teacher Association, an affiliation denied to many another society that has sought it. Mrs. Nichols so successfully allied our humane education work with the activities of this powerfully influential body that she was made National Chairman of the Committee on Humane Education. We give a few paragraphs from her annual report recently submitted to the National Congress of Parent-Teacher Associations.

In presenting this report, your chairman wishes to say she is deeply indebted to the state presidents for their sympathetic attitude and support of the work of this committee. The co-operation from the national office staff has also contributed greatly to any results attained.

Chairmen

With 36 state chairmen, united in effort to forward the national plan of work of the Humane Education Committee, unusual and inspiring progress has been effected in the past year and three states have, for the first time, appointed chairmen for this committee.

Publicity

Outstanding publicity has been carried on through the medium of the public press, State Parent-Teacher Bulletins, radio talks, addresses from pulpit and platform, by the indefatigable work of the chairmen. The year has been a red-letter one for humane education messages in State Parent-Teacher Bulletins and Journals of Education. One State President has spoken editorially through her magazine, revealing her wide vision of the scope and possibilities of humane education.

The radio has played a large part in widely disseminating humane education. Some of the leading educators of the United States have given messages through the microphone voicing their support of this work.

Work in Schools

Numberless public school teachers have become propagandists of humane education and are giving unstinted co-operation to local and state humane chairmen. As a result, there has never before in the history of the committee work been so many thousands of children of the public schools participating in humane education activities, such as essay and poster contest work, original stories, scrap-book making, class-room playlets and the more pretentious dramatization in presenting pageants before audiences which have taxed the seating capacity of the house.

A pertinent incident illustrating the reaction upon the hearts of children thus trained in humane ideals may well be inserted here: Early in the year, a certain magazine carried on its cover a picture of a lad tormenting a little kitten. This was supposed to be a "funny picture." Quoting the editor as to what happened, he says: "We were astounded at the flood of protest

we received saying the picture would teach cruelty to children." These protests were nearly all from pupils of the public schools, some of them in the form of round-robins signed by every teacher in the schools represented, as well as the pupils. Who shall say humane education in public schools is in vain?

Work in Higher Institutions of Learning

The Humane Education Committee chairmen have this year entered for the first time within the portals of our higher institutions of learning. One chairman has reached into every college of her state with class work and programs on humane education before Parent-Teacher classes. Another is centering her efforts on a boy's reform school and declares, "if I can get this school, I shall die happy."

Rodeo Work

The strength of Parent-Teacher influence was demonstrated last summer when a state president gave her support to your chairman in opposing the holding of a rodeo show in the civic auditorium of one of our large Western cities, the result being a summary cancellation of the contract by the mayor of that city. We reiterate our belief that within the National Congress of Parents and Teachers lies the power to banish this evil and thus spare childhood its corrupting influence.

Miscellaneous

The miscellaneous work covers an immense distribution of literature, exhibits at local Parent-Teacher meetings, councils, district conferences, and state conventions, public addresses and school-room talks, the organization of Bands of Mercy and Junior Humane Clubs. The contagion of Band of Mercy work became so great in one of the large cities that a group of Parent-Teacher mothers organized themselves into a Band and are doing active work.

Back of all the National Chairmen's efforts and those of the 36 state chairmen has stood the American Humane Education Society, contributing agency of the Congress, with magnanimous contributions. Free supplies of humane education helps have again been provided by this Society for all state chairmen and, upon request, for State Congress conventions. The official organ of the Society, *Our Dumb Animals*, has carried the names of all state presidents and chairmen upon its complimentary subscription list.

The Washington Superintendent

The Superintendent of the District of Columbia Public Schools, Dr. Ballou, is to be commended for his hearty co-operation in the humane education movement. He accepted a most generous gift of several hundred copies of the "Humane Bulletin" for each teacher of the first six grades; he arranged for a field worker of the American Humane Education Society, Miss Lucia F. Gilbert, to speak in all the graded schools on kindness to animals, beginning in late March and extending into May; and he gave most hearty response to Miss Virginia W. Sargent's request for permission to ask all grade, junior high and high school supervisors and principals to announce, through the teachers, Be Kind to Animals Anniversary and Humane Sunday, previous to the Easter vacation.

Give Me Back My Horse

DOLLY ANN MORGAN

*Horse-hoofs stir me all within
As they step the roadway nigh;
Wistful thoughts of what has been—
Touch that tells of time gone-by.*

*Horse was king of traffic then,
Step was tuned to nature's song;
Reign of restful move. Age when
Life was life and love was strong.*

*Rumbling age that horse dethrones,
Boasts of life of gas-speed ring,
Fits not me. I love live tones,
Breath of beast, and feet that sing;*

*Rhythm of soil instead of stone,
Lilt of home and pasture land;
Things we love and call by name—
Music farm-folk understand:*

*Flesh and blood that know my stroke,
Neighing thanks in loving tone:
Senseless cars, I'd give them all
For gray horse that was my own.*

A Real "Watch" Dog

OSCAR H. ROESNER

MANY dogs are watch-dogs in the ordinary sense, but here is a true story of a watch-dog in the time-keeping sense.

While haying, a California rancher lost a valuable gold watch. Some time later, accompanied by his dog, a water spaniel, he went out in the field to hunt for the lost timepiece. But after searching fruitlessly for a good while, he concluded to give up the hunt and return to the house.

Noticing his dog standing quietly at some distance away, he called to it and went on. But pretty soon he noticed that the dog was not following. Turning, he saw it standing steadfastly at the same spot. Repeated calls failing to move it, he returned to find out what kept the creature from obeying his commands. And upon reaching the spot he saw, to his pleased surprise, that the dog was "pointing" at the lost watch.

The Horse Who Remembered

ELIZABETH THOMAS

I BOUGHT "Joe" more for an experiment than because I really needed him.

I had gone to a sales stable about twenty miles from my home with a neighbor who was buying a green horse for his spring work. The stable was full of horses, young and sleek, and while looking them over I was attracted to a small black horse who was in a box-stall at the end of the building. There was something about him that was familiar, something that teased my mind with a memory which just eluded me. The horse stopped eating when I looked over the door at him and retreated to the further corner of the stall and stood facing me with his head a little lowered, not as though he were afraid but as though he were waiting for some certain thing to happen, a thing that had happened often in the past, and which he had reason to believe would go right on happening in the future. Something unpleasant. In spite of my extended hand, and my most soothing tones of voice the black refused to leave the corner, and did not once turn his head away or make any move to go on eating.

The owner of the stable strolled over as I stood there and said, "Now, there's a horse I'll sell dirt cheap if you'll take him home. He's as nice a little fellow as ever lived, but nobody seems to be able to get along with him. I've sold him and bought him back a dozen times in the last two years. He's kind but he's notional. For instance, he can't be fed or watered out of a tin pail. Goes crazy if you try to bring one up to him. And if you touch him without speaking to him first he's likely to kick your head off. Then, the way he looks at people with that steady stare as if he'd like to murder 'em, if he dared, gives most folks the creeps. But maybe you could get along with him."

As I mentally reviewed some of the animals this same trader had sold me in the past, I reflected that if none of them had

killed me this one certainly wouldn't be likely to. And after a bit of argument I paid the ridiculously small price asked for the black, and a boy led him out and saddled him up for me. He was perfectly quiet during the process but there was about him all the time an air of watchful waiting. He was a rather showy, handsome horse, though small, and after he was saddled he still had that elusive, familiar something that I could not quite place. When I mounted and started home with him I found him to have very superior gaits, a nice, brisk walk, a good trot, and a canter that was a joy to ride. He was apparently afraid of nothing, was light-mouthed and easy to handle.

When I got home I turned Joe into a spare box-stall, watered and fed him and left him alone. The next morning I forgot the advice about tin pails and brought the horse a drink in one. At sight of the pail he seemed overcome with fear, leaped about the stall, hitting his head against the wall, sweating with terror and behaving so wildly that I was frightened. I hastily exchanged the tin pail for a wooden one and had no more trouble.

As time went on I grew very fond of Joe. He was notional, to be sure, and sometimes his watchful stare was annoying, but he worked beautifully either under the saddle or in harness.

One day I had ridden Joe downtown and was sitting on his back in front of a store talking with some friends. To my astonishment and horror Joe suddenly leaped toward the sidewalk, nearly unseating me and with ears laid back, eyes rolling wickedly, charged at an elderly man who was just coming out of a store door talking to a companion. The man retreated hastily, but even as I checked and quieted the raging Joe I remembered, and almost regretted, that I had kept the horse from revenging himself.

Several years before, this same man had been a neighbor of ours on a farm and he had owned a small black colt, which he abused shamefully. His favorite amusements were pounding this colt over the head with a tin pail and sneaking up behind him quietly in order to hit him with a club. I also remembered a most unsavory tale of this man's having hit the colt over the head with a crowbar, a glancing blow that skinned his head and nearly killed him, and I knew where Joe got the ugly scar just under his foretop. After abusing and starving the colt until he was nearly dead he had sold him, and the poor thing had drifted about from owner to owner until he fell into my hands. I suppose he had been constantly on the watch for this cruel man and the sound of his voice had released something in the horse's brain that transformed him from a quiet, well-mannered saddle animal into a blood-thirsty demon.

Understanding Joe's "notions" better after I knew what caused them I had no trouble with him. Having found the man who had abused him he seemed to lose his distrust of other people but it was never safe to allow him to get within sight or hearing of his former owner.



Photo by Gilliams

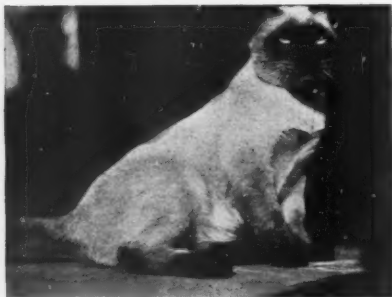
GROOMS OF THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON WATERING THEIR HORSES

Siamese Cats at Home

ELIZABETH MORSE

A CROWD was gathered in front of a Fifth Avenue pet shop. Edging my way to the front, I saw that the people were staring at four half-grown Siamese cats in a cage. No one seemed to know quite what they were. Some suggested foxes crossed with cats and others simply "gave it up."

A sign on the window announced, "These beautiful kittens for sale cheap," and I entered the shop to find just how cheaply one could buy a Siamese cat so far from home.



"FAT," THE SIAMESE CAT

The price, the man told me, was \$100 each. I left—without buying so much as a single kitten!

My mind flashed back, as they say in the movies, to Bangkok, and a conversation I had had with a Siamese Prince. We spoke of cats. I was a cat lover, I told him, and was desirous of owning a pure-bred Siamese cat.

The Prince looked at me in puzzled surprise—"A Siamese cat?" he asked doubtfully. At that moment a common or garden tabby was stalking bugs under an electric light. He stooped, picked it up, and handed it to me with a courtly bow, "Your wish is granted, Madame, here is a pure-bred Siamese cat, since it was born in Siam," he said with a twinkle in his eye.

The Siamese people cannot understand why this particular breed of cat has attained popularity and received the distinction of being labeled "Siamese." For their part, they much prefer the Korat cat, a kind of maltese, which comes from the province of Korat. It is only at the hands of the European residents in Bangkok that the Siamese cat receives any consideration and their off-spring are "bespoke" long before their production.

The kittens are born white. In a few days a dark streak rims their ears which gradually spreads, and when full grown the coloring is that of a well-seasoned meerschaum pipe. Their eyes are almost human, of the clear blue of forget-me-nots, or hyacinth, and when caught at the proper angle they glow with a weird incandescent light as though they were burning with an inward fire.

It is thought by some that a well-bred Siamese cat must have a crook in its tail. This is not the case, but when it does occur it is an invasion of Malay influence as the cats of Malaya are of the crooked-tail variety and often resemble a Manx cat.

My first pair of Siamese cats was bought from the Ste. Louis Hospital, "for as much or as little as you care to give for our poor," said the Sister in charge. We left

25 ticals (about \$12), and went away well pleased with our bargain, for we had found that good cats were scarce in Bangkok.

The male cat was of the round-headed type, full of unquenchable spirits, and we named him "Chiyo," meaning Hurrah! in Siamese. The female was smaller, with a foxlike mask, and her we called "Coco."

In due time the cats mated and produced "Fat," the most peerless of cats. Coco was a peculiar mother. When Fat was a kitten his whiskers seemed to annoy her. She would get him down between her paws and bite them off one by one. This continued until Fat was able to hold his own, so to speak, and the result of her tender care was a set of magnificent whiskers that would have done credit to a major-general.

In Algernon Blackwood's charming book, "Dudley and Gilderoy," the story of a cat and a parrot, he quotes one Grimaldi as saying that "cats possess a language much like the Chinese and possibly derived from it." This, in a spirit of fantasy, but it is a fact that cats speak Siamese. "Mee ow," are two Siamese words meaning, I do not want, or wish.

At the same time, a cat is called simply "Miau," in both China and Siam.

Having taken an excellent photograph of Fat, I showed it to my Siamese "boy." He studied it, long and carefully, and at last looked up with a pleased smile as though he had solved a difficult puzzle and said, "Why, it's the miao!"

Cat Comedy

D. H. TALMADGE

PLUTO is a cat. A big cat. Black as ebony. One of the somewhat rare black cats which, in my experience at least, have not had a slight showing of white on the breast.

The place I call home is in a city block, up a long flight of stairs. And one rainy night at the foot of these stairs I felt something brush the hem of my trousers. I looked down and saw the smallest, thinnest, wabbiest cat I had ever seen. I conjectured that the animal had come from one of the neighboring grocery shops. Wherefore, I went on my way.

Three blocks I went to a theatre. For two hours I was in the theatre. When I came out that ridiculous kitten was waiting for me. It followed me back to my room. Half the distance up the stairs it stopped and emitted a small, a very small, wail. Exhausted. Anybody with half an eye and two-thirds of a heart could see that. I picked it up and carried it in to the fire. I didn't want the cat, goodness knows; but what else was there to do? And that, dear brothers and sisters, was the beginning of my relationship with Pluto, the beautiful animal of today.

When I am dispirited—and there have been many such times since he entered into my scheme of things—

he makes what appears to be an effort to entertain me—to banish the drooping signals that I show. On these occasions he sits before me and looks very fierce. I say to him, "Roar like a lion, Pluto," and forthwith his whiskers twitch and his yellow eyes gleam and he opens his mouth—and emits a sound like unto the faraway squeaking of a door.

Then he arises and paces back and forth across the floor, switching his tail violently. Several months ago he went out in the alley for a gentlemanly stroll and was set upon by a heathen cat, spoiling for battle. Pluto endeavored to avoid the disgraceful encounter, I infer, because when he returned, his tail was torn and bleeding where the heathen cat had bitten it. This has caused a scar, a bald spot. Hence, when he stalks across the floor his tail has the appearance of being two tails, one immediately behind the other, ever attempting to catch up and ever failing to do so.

He is a pacifist—with limitations. One day the heathen cat followed, or drove, him home. I heard the animals coming across the tin roof, and I watched silently from an adjoining room to see what should happen. Through the open window dashed Pluto. He was in what had every appearance of a state of terror. The heathen cat—an ugly, war-scarred creature—paused for a moment on the window-sill, then, slowly, his belly almost touching the floor, entered the room.

Immediately thereafter I heard from Pluto a sound I had never before heard—his battle cry—meowl-l-l—over and over again. The animals met, tooth and claw. Tufts of hair floated in the air. I rose to interfere—to save my pet. But ere I was given time for this the heathen cat, the usurper, was streaking through the window and across the roof, bleeding and panic-stricken. And then, quite complacently, Pluto jumped to my desk and proceeded to rearrange with his tongue the spots where the contacts of battle had disarranged his shining coat. Thus I learned, surprisingly, that he can fight and that when he considers the provocation sufficient he fights well.

And there are nights when he is strangely restless. He approaches the window stiff-legged at these times and looks out at the sky. His tail inflates. His eyes glisten. Around and across the room he goes, plainly listening to sounds I cannot hear, seeing things I cannot see. A field for conjecture, this. A bit thrilling, if one be of a mind to make it so.



"BONNIE BRAE," SMOKE-COLORED PERSIAN
Owned by Miss V. A. Amos, Roxbury, Mass.

Visiting the Marsh Wren

ALVIN M. PETERSON

Photograph by the Author

I OFTEN visit and wade a large marshy pond a mile or two east of my home, because about it I find the nests of marsh wrens and yellow-headed blackbirds, two rather rare birds, at least in this vicinity. Rails, terns, bitterns, marsh hawks and other birds also are to be seen in the neighborhood; and sometimes, I run across a raccoon in the brush near its edge. Muskrats live about it in large numbers, and their houses or lodges may be counted by the dozen.

The smallest and in a way the most interesting bird I find living about the pond is the long-billed marsh wren. We have two species of marsh wrens, the other being known as the short-billed marsh wren, because its bill is a trifle shorter than that of the long-billed species. The two birds differ in other respects, for the short-billed species frequents low-lying meadows, drier marshes and brushy lowlands along streams and about ponds and marshes. It has a streaked crown, whereas the former has a uniformly dark crown. The eggs of the long-billed marsh wren are so thickly spotted that they appear dark brown in color, while those of the short-billed marsh wren are pure white.

Most birds have some peculiar characteristic which sets them off from other birds and adds to their interest. The yellow warbler, for example, frequently outwits the cowbird by building two, three and four-story nests; the chimney swift, after the nesting season, congregates in large flocks and roosts in unused chimneys, the birds flying in wheel formation when about to go to roost; the crested flycatcher, if possible, makes use of a cast-off snake skin when building its nest; and the cowbird builds no nest but lays its eggs in the nests of other birds. Many, many other examples might be given.

The marsh wren also has a very peculiar habit, which adds materially to its interest. One summer, I waded about the pond previ-

ously mentioned, and in a great tangle of marsh grasses near one bank found the nest of a long-billed marsh wren. It was a globular structure made of muck and wet, dead, brown blades of grass. It was securely fastened to a cluster of the plants and had many fresh green blades of grass woven into and about it. These added much to its appearance. A neat round hole in one side served as an entrance. Not far off, I found another nest. Then, in short order, I discovered three more, all located near the first two. All the nests looked much alike, though some had the entrance holes so near the bottom that I could not see them. Not far off, I found another group containing six nests. Apparently, there were two pairs of marsh wrens living in this section of the pond, the one pair having five nests and the other six. I examined the nests in the first group carefully and found all but one empty. The fifth nest held a number of dark-brown eggs. Meanwhile, I saw a good deal of the wrens themselves. They perched on the marsh grasses, twittered and watched me. Occasionally, one sang. Its song was much like that of the confiding house wren, but it had a liquid quality. The birds remained in sight but a few moments and then dived into the vegetation and disappeared, only to reappear again a short distance off.

Marsh wrens, then, are interesting, because they have the peculiar habit of building more nests than they can use. Some writers think that marsh wrens build the extra nests for safety's sake, claiming that the enemy has a hard time finding the real nest. But are we justified in claiming this



NEST OF THE LONG-BILLED MARSH WREN

amount of intelligence for the birds? Others hold that the birds build the extra nests because of their abundant energy. They are so full of life that they must always be busy, spending their extra time building extra nests. This seems the more logical explanation, for it does not go beyond what one can reasonably expect of birds. Then, too, the habits of the common house wren indicate that the latter is the right explanation, for though it does not build a number of globular nests, it is full of life and energy, and it often hunts up and fills a number of holes with small twigs and other rubbish. One of the holes may in time be used for nesting purposes, often not. Perhaps, the birds build many nests in order that they may have a variety to choose from, laying the eggs in the one they like the best.

New Dispensary at Guadalajara, Spain

LAST February the first dispensary for animals was inaugurated at Guadalajara, near Madrid, Spain, with the simplicity yet enthusiasm that marks all that is accomplished by the Sociedades Protectoras de Animales y Plantas. The Mayor of Guadalajara met the delegates from the Society and conducted them to the municipal hall which was thronged with townspeople of all classes, including workers as well as members of the Guadalajara section of the S. P. A. P.

Señor Julia related the history of the dispensary, made possible through Dr. Milard's gift of 200 pounds. The lace-workers in Cyprus offered to work overtime with a view to increase the fund for the Spanish dispensary. Señor Julia pointed out that by giving animals due attention many children's maladies would be avoided. It is desired that the new dispensary at Guadalajara shall serve as a model to be copied in other Spanish towns.

Responses were made by Señor Gonzalez Vazquez and the Mayor of Guadalajara. The dispensary was then declared open and blessed by the parish priest. It is fitted out with modern instruments and shows what progress has been made since the Federación Ibérica began its labors. The veterinary surgeon explained the use of the different apparatus and remarked that they still needed a sterilizer and electric equipment for destroying dogs and cats.



PUPILS OF THE WOMEN'S COLLEGE AT THE DOOR OF THE GUADALAJARA DISPENSARY AFTER THEIR FIRST LECTURE ON HUMANE EDUCATION

The Band of Mercy

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President
GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary
E. A. MARYOTT, State Organizer

PLEDGE

I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage.

The American Humane Education Society will send to every person who forms a Band of Mercy of thirty members and sends the name chosen for the Band and the name and post-office address of the president who has been duly elected, a supply of special Band of Mercy literature and a gilt badge for the president.

See inside front cover for prices of literature and Band of Mercy Supplies.

NEW BANDS OF MERCY

Six hundred and sixty-five new Bands of Mercy were reported during April, nearly all being in schools. Of these, 345 were in the District of Columbia, 92 in Massachusetts, 91 in Texas, 57 in Pennsylvania, 34 in Georgia, 27 in Virginia, eight in Illinois, six in Washington, and one each in Colorado, Florida, Maine, New Jersey and New York.

Total number Bands of Mercy organized by Parent American Society, 177,503

Bands of Mercy in South Carolina

WE are grateful to *The State*, Columbia, S. C., for a very intelligent editorial on Bands of Mercy, in connection with the recent organization of several Bands in that section. The same paper publishes a letter from Mrs. J. M. Webb of Saluda, in which she writes:

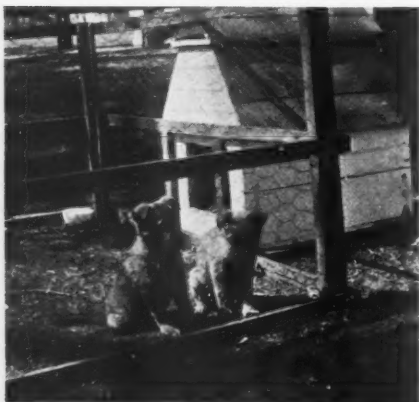
"I was interested to read in *The State* an account of the organizing of Bands of Mercy in Columbia.

"Just 41 years ago this April, the first Band of Mercy ever organized in South Carolina was formed at old Centennial school by our teacher, Mrs. John Davis, and I had the honor to be president. I remember Col. James T. Bacon, editor of the *Edgefield Chronicle*, came over and joined our Band, also Col. W. W. Butler, also of Edgefield. Colonel Butler was a brilliant young lawyer who died soon after.

"I have often wondered why our public schools do not take more interest in this subject and organize Bands among the children and teach them kindness to animals from the first grade. I feel that they are in better position to do this than almost any one else and I hope at least a few Bands will be organized this spring."

Of all things that are ordered to secure blessings to men Peace is the best.

DANTE



"AMOS" AND "ANDY"

A Back-Yard Tortoise "Farm"

RAYMOND B. WAILES

SEVERAL early morning automobile trips put me into back-yard tortoise farming. You have probably noticed the heavy death toll taken by the automobile on



PET TORTOISES IN THE BACK-YARD

wild life. Rabbits, birds, squirrels, snakes, tortoises, chipmunks, etc., are killed daily upon the roads by automobiles. On two early morning auto spins I counted four dead box tortoises, or "dry land turtles" on the road. The next one I saw was alive, in the middle of the road. I have him in my back-yard, along with fifteen others which were found from time to time upon open concrete highways.

In a shady, yet sunny spot beneath the rear porch, the tortoises have free run of about fifty square feet. They seem to be content, even coming toward me when I approach them, and will take food from the hand. Their favorite dish is a piece of ham with plenty of fat, or a vegetable, preferably tomatoes. A pan of water sunk into the ground is in their pen, but I have never seen them drink, although they often remain in the water for hours, with head out, looking about.

To see them eat a slice of ham is queer. The jaws are first clamped upon it, then opened, and with a gulp, the slice of meat goes into the mouth still further. Another gulp and the meat again becomes smaller. It disappears in gulps.

When winter approaches, they dig into the ground and hide from sight, to reappear again in the spring. The ground is usually loosened for them in the spring, and often eggs are found, but they have never hatched, being infested with worms and insects.

Beavers, exterminated in Pennsylvania decades ago, have been brought back in goodly numbers since 1919, when twenty-five pairs were purchased from Canada. Through constant protection they have increased to at least eight hundred colonies.

Mrs. Toomim's Work in Texas

THE American Humane Education Society has been very fortunate to secure the services of Mrs. Jennie R. Toomim, of Fort Worth, for a second very successful humane education campaign among the district Parent-Teacher conventions in Texas this last spring. She attended fifteen conferences in all, often speaking at banquets and other special meetings in addition to having a prominent part on the program of each meeting. She distributed literature and held exhibits in the various conventions. In addition, she visited in person a large number of schools, with the result that she reported about 250 new Bands of Mercy, with a total membership approximating 10,000.

We regret that a change of residence makes it impossible for Mrs. Toomim to continue humane education work in Texas permanently. Her comment on one incident shows how effective have been her efforts during these last two seasons in Texas: "The fact that humane education is placed as foremost on the first night of convention and at a banquet is sufficient proof that we are making progress. Last year I could not have hoped for such a proffered place." Again she writes: "The banquet was attended by the mayor, the leading ministers, the superintendent of schools and his principals, and other outstanding citizens. . . . The principals vied with each other for the first response to speak in their schools."

Mrs. Peabody in Yonkers, N. Y.

Mrs. Anna May Peabody, who was so active in humane work around Boston, especially in connection with the Bulfinch Place church, now resides in Yonkers, N. Y., where she was in touch with the local S. P. C. A. and others interested in Be Kind to Animals Anniversary. Arrangements were made for showing the film, "The Bell of Atri," at the Strand Theater throughout the week, while another film of the same subject was exhibited to a group in Mrs. Peabody's home and elsewhere. Mrs. Peabody sponsors the Yonkers Lend-a-Hand Club for Animals, of about fifty children, which makes bandages for the free clinic at the local Dog Pound. Mr. John L. Butler is in charge of the Pound, which is run under modern humane conditions and serves as a rescue league for small animals of Yonkers. The Lend-a-Hand Club also makes scrap-books filled with pictures of animals and birds for distribution at libraries, hospitals and schools. For this purpose the Club is greatly in need of attractive pictures of animals. Friends wishing to aid in this work are requested to send such pictures to Mrs. Anna May Peabody, 71 High street, Yonkers, N. Y.

New Action in California

The state superintendent of schools in California has announced that he will appoint a committee of fourteen teachers, seven from the north and seven from the south, to work out materials for humane education to be published by the State Department of Education. Credit is given to the Latham Foundation of Oakland for securing this action. It is expected that this movement will result in very much more attention being paid to this subject in the schools of California.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

*The Fountain in Post-Office Square

(Erected as a monument to the memory of George Thorndike Angell, by the school children of Boston, Mass.)

LOUELLA C. POOLE

Soft gray wings a-fluttering
Round the fountain's brink;
Tired horses standing there
In the heat to drink;
Warm and weary drivers
Full of chat and jest
As they wait, loose reins in hand,
Glad for chance to rest,—

What a picture does it make
In the noisy mart,
'Midst the tumult and the strife
Of the city's heart,
That tall column rising fair,
Monument to love—
Love for man and thirsty beast,
Sparrow wee and dove!

Little children, ye it was
Placed the fountain there—
Topped with golden eagle bright
In the sunlit air—
Monument to that great soul,
Champion of the weak,
Oppressed and dumb, lacking voice
For themselves to speak.

*Greatly to the disappointment of many people, this Fountain has been closed by the authorities for several years for fear of contagion from glanders. In Boston drivers are required to carry their own pails, and water is procured from a tap in a hydrant close by the Fountain.

The Fuzzy Hat

RUTH CRONYN CAIRNS

ONE day I was walking along a meadow path which skirted some woods, when I came upon a flock of warblers, and near them were a pair of tanagers. I stopped to look at them, and I soon found that the tanagers were as interested in me as I was in them.

They began to circle around my head, and their cries were shrill, almost like scolding.

"I am sorry that I have disturbed you, you pretty things," I said. "I'll just go on."

But as I walked along, they followed me, flying low about my head, then away, then back again. I began to wonder if there was something about me which was rousing their enmity. Then I thought of my hat. I had on a furry, black one, and I took it off and tucked it under my arm.

The scolding stopped, but the tanagers still flew after me, as if curious, and scarcely believing that the queer object was gone. Next, I put on the hat again, and the shrill cries started up at once.

"Well, well, so you think that the fuzzy hat is some kind of an animal, probably a cat," said I. So I sat down on a rock, and put the hat entirely out of sight. In a few minutes the tanagers flew away, apparently satisfied.



Betty and "Midnight"

MAUDE B. WEIL

A LITTLE black dog in Duluth, Minnesota, has become a hero since he saved the life of his owner, three-year-old Betty Winters. "Midnight," the dog, is Betty's constant companion, and accompanied her as usual one day when she went to the grocery near her home with a penny clutched tightly in her chubby fist to buy a piece of candy.

That was ten o'clock in the morning. At noon Betty and Midnight had not returned, and Mrs. Winters was nearly frantic. Nobody in the neighborhood had seen the two playmates. With snow on the ground and near-zero temperature the situation looked serious. Radio broadcasting was resorted to, and hundreds joined in the search for Betty. Night was coming, and the heart-broken parents feared the worst. Then, just at the zero hour, when hope was nearly gone, came the glad tidings that Betty was safe!

George Anderson declared that children always go west when lost, and made his search towards the Boulevard Drive, high above the western part of the city, overlooking Lake Superior. And there he found Betty asleep in the snow near a cedar hedge, guarded by the little black dog!

As Mr. Anderson approached the vicinity he noticed tracks which puzzled him. He began to whistle, and was answered by a dog's bark from a distance. Running in the direction of the barking, Anderson continued to whistle and the dog continued to answer, until they met. "Lead me to Betty," said Anderson, whereat Midnight turned back and ran to the cedar hedge, where he wakened the sleeping child by licking her face.

Benumbed by ten hours' exposure Betty was in a stupor, but kept repeating, "I sleep with my doggie—I sleep with my doggie," as Mr. Anderson wrapped his coat around her and carried her to the nearest house. Midnight was overjoyed, and barked his approval as he saw his little chum safe at home once more. That night a special bed was made for him next to the little mistress he had guarded so faithfully. Betty's parents think nothing is too good for Midnight.

Whenever you know or hear of any one making, selling or using a steel trap, urge him to do away with it and stop cruelty.

Good News from Fez

(Continued from page 83)

Several French residents have given unsolicited testimonials bearing out these observations, as did an American motor engineer and his wife, who live at Casablanca and visit this town annually, when they looked in to see the new Fondouk yesterday.

The condition of the cab horses this year though poor, as judged by Anglo-Saxon standards, is generally much better, and I have seen pairs of horses that would be quite a credit to their owners in any country.

My first week has been full of interest, and every moment has been occupied with receiving new cases and evacuating the cured, besides learning the routine of work here.

On April 1st we were honored with a visit from M. Saint, the Governor General of Morocco. He was accompanied by General Petin who commands the district, M. Vimal the Controller, and some of M. Saint's suite. They made a thorough examination of the buildings and animals, expressing a most cordial appreciation of our work here. General Petin said what pleasure it gave him to see the Stars and Stripes and the Tricolor flying side by side for the first time at Fez.

Respectfully submitted,

FRANCIS FILLIEUL, Sec. Gen.

Jacksonville Humane Society

In the annual report of the Humane Society of Jacksonville, Florida, presented at the annual meeting in April, Mrs. R. Fleming Bowden, the president, tells a story of effectiveness and efficiency which would do credit to a much larger organization. With a total expenditure of less than \$2,000 the Society maintained an agent who made 1,054 calls and handled 1,789 animals, besides giving lectures and distributing literature in the schools. Homes were found for many dogs and cats rescued from the street. One of the teachers remarked to the president that nothing ever helped her so much to manage rough boys as teaching kindness to animals. Copies of the "Humane Bulletin" have been circulated freely among the teachers in Jacksonville. Of course Mrs. Bowden was re-elected president of this live Society. The people of Jacksonville are to be congratulated upon having so able a humane executive. The Florida Times-Union states: The organization is now very well understood and is accorded recognition by the city in a proper way, but for years it was kept going through the very strenuous personal efforts of the president and a few friends.

TO OUR FRIENDS

In making your will, kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our Society is "The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"; that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other similar Society.

Any bequest especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital should, nevertheless, be made to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Hospital," as the Hospital is not incorporated but is the property of that Society and is conducted by it.

FORM OF BEQUEST

I give to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or to the American Humane Education Society), the sum of..... dollars (or, if other property, describe the property).

"Who's the Beast?"

(Continued from page 84)

cheerful alacrity as when alone with the family. He sits up; rolls over; plays dead dog; when playing dead, closes eyes tight on demand; stands on hind legs; catches food while standing on hind legs; catches food sitting up; balances food on nose, while standing, sitting up, or balancing on hind legs, and will wait until the count of three is given before tossing and catching, no matter how long the pause before "three." He will balance food on nose, seated, then rise to sit-up position, balancing food on nose carefully, at word will protrude his tongue, and give his paw, wait for count of three and toss food in air and catch same. He gives one paw; at word "other" changes paws. He jumps over objects at command, "fetches" objects thrown to him; kisses when asked; performs gymnastically in many ways when he desires to go out-of-doors and obeys every spoken word as though a well-trained child.

I would like to know what more a person can ask of a "common dog," and there has been no unkindness in his training. Then to have films such as "Jango" thrust upon an unsuspecting public is a slap in the face for humane ideals.

Just a word in passing. Humane activities in Grand Rapids and Kent county are taking a rapid stride forward, pound conditions are improving and educational work along humane lines in the schools is being carried on vigorously. It does appear as though a new and brighter era for our dumb animals is dawning, at least in this section of the country.

EXECUTING YOUR OWN WILL**An Annuity Plan**

The Massachusetts S. P. C. A. and the American Humane Education Society will receive gifts, large or small, entering into a written obligation binding the society safely to invest the same and to pay the donor for life a reasonable rate of interest, or an annuity for an amount agreed upon. The rate or amount of annuity will necessarily depend upon the age of the donor.

The wide financial experience and high standing of the trustees, John R. Macomber, president of Harris, Forbes and Company, Charles G. Bancroft, Vice-President of the United Shoe Machinery Corporation, and Philip Stockton, President of the First National Bank of Boston, to whom are entrusted the care and management of our invested funds, are a guaranty of the security of such an investment.

Persons of comparatively small means may by this arrangement obtain a better income for life than could be had with equal safety by the usual methods of investment, while avoiding the risks and waste of a will contest, and ultimately promoting the cause of the dumb animals.

To Madam, Dressed in Summer Furs

OLGA OWENS

Dear Lady, when you go to buy your new Spring costume, you will try
A dozen coats, and choose the one most fair.
The clerk will flatter you a bit—"You look adorable in it!"
How sweetly gray fur lies beneath your hair!"

Dear Lady, when that coat is bought I beg you,
spare a single thought
From those admirers who will see you dressed,
There once were little frisking things that like
you, loved the happy springs.
How still the gray fur lies upon your breast!

Our readers are urged to clip from *Our Dumb Animals* various articles and request their local editors to republish. Copies so mutilated will be made good by us on application.

For Running Over a Dog

THE HAMILTON S. P. C. A.

Hamilton, Ont., April 9, 1930

Editor, *Our Dumb Animals*:—

In the local police Court last week our Society prosecuted a motorist who ran over a dog and failed to stop to ascertain the extent of the dog's injuries.

The offender was brought before the local magistrate who delivered a very lengthy judgment in connection with the case. He stated in part:—

"There is a type of motorist who thinks it is great sport to run over dogs or fowl on the highways. It is about the same type as the motorist who crowds another off the highway. A dog is entitled to the same protection as a child. An animal hasn't the intelligence to look after itself. This section deals with negligence to animals in about the same way as a criminal negligence charge deals with negligence to human beings. Running over a dog has the same effect as assaulting and beating it. There is also evidence that it was needlessly done."

The offender was fined \$200 and six months in jail but the magistrate later changed this to suspended sentence, providing the defendant made restitution to the owner of the dog to the extent of \$60.

D. McLEAN,
Honorary Secretary**Our Dumb Animals**

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TERMS

One dollar per year. Postage free to any part of the world.

Humane Societies and Agents are invited to correspond with us for terms on large orders.

All dollar subscriptions sent direct to the office entitle the sender to membership in either of our two Societies.

RATES OF MEMBERSHIP IN**THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY OR THE MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A.**

Active Life	\$100 00	Associate Annual	\$5 00
Associate Life	50 00	Branch	1 00
Active Annual	10 00	Children's	1 00

For each five dollars contributed to either Society, the giver is entitled to have two copies of *Our Dumb Animals* additional to his own, sent for one year to any persons whose addresses are mailed to us.

Checks and other payments may be sent to ALBERT A. POLLARD, Treasurer, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

Manuscripts should be addressed to the Editor, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

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